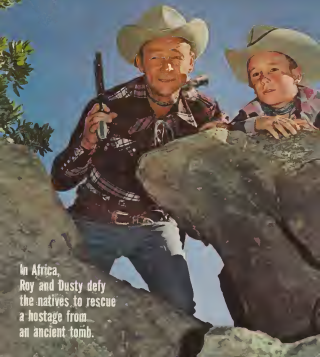


DELL
Western
Adventure

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

MARCH-APRIL
Still 10¢



In Africa,
Roy and Trigger defy
the natives to rescue
a hostage from
an ancient tomb.

FIVE SECONDS TO PLAY!

STARRING
FRISKY FUDGIE
THE EXTRA ENERGY CHAMP



WITH THE SCORE TIED IN THE BIG NEIGHBORHOOD GAME, BILLY'S TEAM CALLS TIME OUT



IT LOOKS SHORT... AND THEN... LIKE MAGIC



FRISKY FUDGIE
SAYS: YOU CAN BE AN
EXTRA ENERGY CHAMP
TOO—JUST GIVE
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A TRY!



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WHEN IT COMES TO CANDIES

KRAFT PUTS MORE **YUM-IN-UM** THAN ANYONE

**ROY
ROGERS**

ROY ROGERS SAVAGE SHACKLES

FLYING NORTH TO THE CAMEROONS FROM AFRICA'S KALAHARI DESERT, ROY ROGERS AND HIS SMALL SON DUSTY FIND THEMSELVES WITH A DEAD PROPELLER OVER THE WILD MONSOON BECK.

DAD: IS THERE
ANY PLACE WHERE
WE CAN LAND?

THAT LONG BUTTE, AHEAD...
I'M GOING TO TRY IT. DUSTY!

WE'RE DOWN.
AND BACK I

COME ON OUT, DUSTY! WE'LL
GET THE PLANE TURNED AROUND
AND ANCHORED — AND THEN
I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE
ENGINE!

OKAY, DAD!
BULLET, YOU
WANT TILL HE'S
OUT!

HAVE YOU
FOUND IT,
BOB?

YES! A BROKEN CONNECTION!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

FIND A NATIVE BLACKSMITH IF
WE CAN! GET IT WELDED...PUT
IT BACK...AND TAKE OFF AGAIN!

[illegible][illegible]

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

... BUT CAN WE FIND A HATING BLACKSMITH?

WE'LL HAVE TO GET OFF THIS BUTTE FIRST, SON! HERE'S YOUR CATCH ROPE... WE MAY NEED BOTH OF THEM!



IT WON'T BE TOO TOUGH A CLIMB, FROM THERE ON DOWN, DUSTY!

I HOPE NOT... BUT YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT HAVING THE ROPES, DAD!



LATER...

LOOK! THERE'S A COW TRACK IN THAT PATH! I CAN SEE IT FROM HERE!

WE'LL FOLLOW IT! WHERE THERE ARE COWS, WE'LL FIND PEOPLE!



YOU'VE SPOTTED SOMETHING, BULLET?

MAYBE IT'S A LEOPARD!

OR A COW!



WHAT IS IT, DAD?

THE COW AND HER OWNERS! FOLLOW ME... AND WHATEVER HAPPENS, DON'T ACT NERVOUS!



HOWDY, FRIENDS! LOOKS LIKE YOU NEED HELP WITH THAT COW!

YEAH









THERE'S ONE CHANCE, DUSTY —
PRETEND WE DISLIKE DR. RUSKIN!
LATER, MAYBE WE CAN DO SOME-
THING! PUT ON AN ACT NOW!
THESE NATIVES WON'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT WE SAY!



YOU'RE
RIGHT,
DAD!

BLAAAH! BLAAAH!
DON'T WORRY, DR.
RUSKIN, WE'LL DO
WHAT WE CAN
FOR YOU!



YEH-BA-HA! LATER — AFTER
DARK! WE'LL FIND YOU! CHIN
UP! **PLAY THE GAME!** ...
ACT DISAPPOINTED, DOCTOR!



HEE-HEE-
HEE!

AH-HA-
HA-HA!

HAW-HAW-HAW! WE'LL THINK OF
SOME WAY TO SAVE YOU — AFTER
EVERYBODY IS ASLEEP! YEH-HA!

DON'T WAIT...
TOO LONG!



ANNOUNCE!

MEND IT — WITH
FIRE! I GUESS YOU
DO UNDERSTAND!



SAY, THAT'S A
PRETTY GOOD
TORSO AFTER
ALL, DAD!

IT WILL DO THE JOB — IF
THE SMITH UNDERSTANDS
HANDER WORK!

THAT LOOKS LIKE A STRONG WELD!
YOU KNOW YOUR JOB, BLACKSMITH!



HERE ARE A COUPLE OF BRASS SHELLS FOR
YOUR PAY! YOU CAN MAKE BARRINGS OUT
OF THEM...FOR YOUR WIFE!



WITH A FEW PAUSES FOR FOOD AND REST, ROY AND DUSTY ARE KEPT ENTERTAINING THE
VILLAGE TILL AFTER MIDNIGHT...

WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE
THEM A GOOD SHOW,
DUSTY!...MAKE THEM
LIKE US...THAT WAY,
THEY'LL NEVER
GUESS THAT WE
MEAN TO SLIP
OUT TONIGHT!

GOAW-OO
OOOO!

♪ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯



AT LONG LAST...

WOW! I'M ALL
IN. DAD! CAN'T
HOLD MY EYES
OPEN!

GO TO SLEEP,
SON! I'LL WAKE
YOU WHEN IT'S
TIME! ANYWAY,
THE HUT THEY
GAVE US LOOKS
CLEAN!



WHAT IS IT, BULLET?
SAY! IT'S AN OLD HOOK
—LEFT BY DR.
RUSKIN, IN A CORNER
OF THIS HUT! THIS
WILL GIVE YOU HIS
SCENT!



**SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN, ROY
AWAKENS DUSTY...**

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, SON!
IT'LL BE DAYLIGHT IN ABOUT
AN HOUR!

UHH... HAAFF
AH' 'S, DAD!

**WITH BULLET FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF THE ENGLISHMAN,
BOY AND DUSTY LEAVE THE SLEEPING VILLAGE BEHIND...**

I WONDER HOW
FAR THEY TOOK DR.
RUSON, DAD!

NOT FAR,
WITH THOSE
CHAINS!
THERE'S A
PATH HERE
NOT MUCH
USEP...

SOMETHING HAS STOPPED
BULLET, DAD! HE WON'T
MOVE AWAY FROM THAT
ROCK!

THE ROCK
COULD COVER
A HOLE! LET'S
HAVE A LOOK!

IT LOOKS LIKE A
LITTLE CAVE!

GET A TWIST OF DRY
GRASS, DUSTY... FOR
A TORCH!

BEHIND THE SMALL ENTRANCE THE CAVE BECOMES A Cavern CUMBER...

WOW! WH - WHAT
ARE THEY, DAD?

WOWWIES, I SHOULD GUESS!
THIS IS THE VILLAGE CEMETERY...
ONLY THE PEOPLE WERE HAVE BEEN
PRESERVED INSTEAD OF BURNED!



THE CLIMB OF THE BUTTE IS ONLY BEGUN WHEN A DISTANT SHOUT GUILTERS IN THE DRAIN ARE...



LISTEN, THEY'VE SEEN US!

EEFF-
AAAH!

I GUESS
SOMEBODY
FOUND OUR
BUT WAS
EMPTY!

EVERY FIGHTING MAN IN THE VILLAGE SEEMS TO HAVE JOINED THE CHASE...



AH WOH!
KATONGWE!
A-GO-TOM!



YOROK!

COME ON, DAD! I'VE GOT
DE BUSKIN ALMOST UP!

BE CAREFUL, DUSTY,
AND TAKE YOUR TIME!
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!

BANG!
BANG!

THEY'LL BE ON TOP IN
MINUTES — BUT WE
HAVE A CHANCE!

YOU STILL HAVE
TO FIX THE
ENGINE, DAD!

SHOOT CLOSE WITH THE RIFLE,
DUSTY! KEEP THEM BACK
OUT OF ARROW RANGE! THE
SIX-GUN IS FOR SHORT
RANGE WORK, DOCTOR!

WE'LL KEEP THE
RASCALS OFF...
BETWEEN US!



AS THE PLANE ROARS AWAY, THE PARTIES SCATTER.

R-R-R-ROOARRR



WE MISSED THEM — BY A CAT'S WHISKER! YIPPEE!

DON'T CHEER YET!
END OF RUNWAY...



WE'RE DROPPING!



WE'RE
AIRDROPING
NOW — AND
SAFE!



WE'LL HEAD FOR THE NEAREST OUTPOST OF
CIVILIZATION, DR. RUSKIN! THOSE CHAIRS WILL
BE OFF YOUR SHOULDERS IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

SPLENDID! I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU,
NO END! WHEN WE COULD KNOCK
AROUND EGYPT TOGETHER —
THAT'S MY STAMPING GROUND,
YOU KNOW!

GOLLY, DR. RUSKIN
— THAT WOULD
BE GREAT!



LET'S GO SHOOTING

by
Ray Rogers



I love guns and, to me, there's no finer sport than hunting and target shooting.

Last fall, while in Ohio, I did a lot of trap-shooting, which is a fine sport that any boy can learn with his dad as soon as dad is convinced that the boy is old enough to respect guns and handle them properly.

Well, I had this one special shotgun, and in the National Trapshooting Contest, I managed to hit 188 out of 200 clay pigeons to win the California championship. But do you know who won out over all the 2,000 best shooters in the nation? A sixteen-year-old boy!

I learned later that this boy had been shooting ever since he was ten years old, so you see, a fellow can start early, if he has a place where he can begin target practice and some older person to teach him. I'll tell you one thing — if you find a man who really loves guns, he'll always help a boy to learn.

I do a lot of shooting with my boys, Dusty and Sandy. Dusty is thirteen, and the first time I took him out onto the skeet shooting range with his .410 gauge shotgun, he hit fourteen out of twenty-five of those moving clay "birds." I think he'll grow up to be a champion shot one day — and so will a lot of you other fellows, if you practice hard and obey all the safety rules.

I now have ninety-eight guns in my own collection in my game room at the Double-B-Bar Ranch, including old cap and ball pistols from the days of George Washington. I have a Texas Ranger colt, the handle of which is a horse's head with ruby eyes. That's a beauty. Wonderful friends I have met on my travels around the world have given me glin-

tening derringers, antique dueling pistols, old Springfield rifles, and even a knife gun.

Naturally, I keep all my guns under lock and key, just as your dads do their rifles and shotguns, because, although there has been nothing more important in the winning of the West and defending our country, we all have to learn how to handle guns safely.

I remember a time when I was eleven years old and went rabbit hunting with my dad. I climbed a fence with the shotgun barrel pointed up instead of carefully pushing the gun through first and picking it up on the other side. Dad whacked me and sent me home. It was my first lesson in learning that you never get careless when carrying a gun.

If you could visit my ranch, you'd find the play room full of hunting trophies. There are four bearskin rugs on the floor. These came from brown bears I bagged while hunting in the High Sierra Mountains in this country. On one wall, I have a mounted head of a huge wild boar which was shot on the King Ranch in Texas. I also have a pair of wildcat heads that look so real, I still get a feeling they are watching me when I walk into the room.

My prize trophy is a mountain lion which I shot down in Texas. This mean old beast had been destroying a lot of cattle, and the local gentlemen hadn't been able to get him. I started out with some friends, and it took three days, hunting with dogs, before I spotted him high on a rocky ledge. I was lucky to get him with the first shot, or maybe we'd still be looking for him.

DALE
EVANS

THE SLICKER



I JUST SOLD THAT LOT
NEXT TO MY STORE TO
A FELLOW FROM THE
EAST...A MR. SWIFT!

THAT'S A VALUABLE
PIECE OF PROPERTY,
OH! I HOPE YOU
GOT A GOOD PRICE
FOR IT!



I SURE
DID! HE
OFFERED
ME TWICE
AS MUCH AS
I WAS GOING
TO ASK FOR
IT! HE PAID
ME WITH
GOLD STRIKE
MINING
COMPANY
STOCKS!



I SUPPOSE YOU
CHECKED ON THE
STOCKS TO MAKE
SURE THEY'RE
GOOD?

WHY SHOULD I?
EVERYBODY
KNOWS THE GOLD
STRIKE IS A GOOD
OUT FIT!



EVEN A GOOD
OUTFIT CAN GO
BROKE!...AND
NEWS DOESN'T
TRAVEL VERY
FAST OUT HERE!

JENKSAPHAT!
I-I'D BETTER
CHECK ON THEM
RIGHT AWAY!





A MOMENT LATER, A SUDDEN COMMOTION IN THE STREET ATTRACTS DALE'S ATTENTION.







UNNOTICED BY THE FAST-TALKING SWINDLER, DALE SIGNALS TO CY TO ACCEPT THE OFFER...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE MEN HAVE CONCLUDED THEIR BUSINESS...



SURPRISE SHOW STOPPER



"Mommy! Mommy!" Debbie and Dede raced into the kitchen of the Double-R Bar Ranch and danced around Dale Evans.

"Thank you for my wonderful birthday present," Debbie exclaimed.

"Now, Debbie," Dale replied, as she began to set the dinner table, "I've told you a half-dozen times that your birthday's not until tomorrow, so you don't have anything to say thank you for yet."

"But I do, Mommy," Debbie answered. "Dede and I have been playing with him for almost an hour."

"What's this about?" Roy Rogers asked from the next room.

"Boy, you didn't....," exclaimed Dale, questioningly.

"Of course not."

"Well, anyway," Debbie exclaimed, "he's real cute. I've got him in the patio. Can I take him to bed with me tonight?"

"Run along and wash up for dinner. Then we'll talk about it," Dale ordered.

When the two little girls had left the room, Roy began to laugh. "Imagine Debbie taking a pony to bed with her!"

At that moment, a loud crash came from the patio. Roy and Dale rushed outside and saw a monkey dancing up and down, just about ready to smash another pot of geraniums.

"Where'd he come from?" Dale gasped.

"I wouldn't be knowing," Roy replied, as the little monkey climbed onto his shoulder, "but evidently Debbie thinks this fellow is her birthday present. I was afraid for a minute that she'd discovered the pony in the barn and managed to get him out."

"Dad, Dad! Come quick!" Dusty vaulted over the patio wall, gasping for breath. "A lion's got Sandy cornered by the barn!"

Roy took one look at Dusty and realized that he was serious. In seconds, he was up

the house and out again with his rifle, running, with Dale and Dusty close behind. Sure enough, around the corner of the barn, by the machine shed, there was a lion standing in front of Sandy.

"Don't move!" Roy called out.

"I won't," Sandy replied steadily, "but you'd better put that gun away. King may not like guns."

"Never mind that," Roy said. "I won't shoot unless I have to."

"Please don't shoot, Dad," Sandy exclaimed. "Look!" Sandy put out his hand. "Shake, pardner."

The lion extended one big paw.

Just then, a little man with a straw hat and wearing a checkered vest rushed up. He was J. Howard Throckmorton, the owner of the circus which had been stranded without money near the ranch. He explained to Roy that, while he was away trying to get help, all of his hired hands had left and his trained monkey had unlocked most of the cages and released the animals.

"You don't have to worry, though," he reassured Roy. "They're all as tame as house pets." Then he added sadly, "I don't know what I'm going to do next."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," Roy said. "Tomorrow is Debbie's birthday, and we'll have her party at your circus. We'll get all of our friends to come—and I'll have Trigger do his tricks in the ring, too."

And that's just what they did, with Debbie riding her new pony in the parade and the monkey, wearing a cowboy outfit, bouncing along on Trigger's back.

Mr. Throckmorton earned enough money to keep his circus going, and the whole Rogers family agreed that Debbie's birthday was the biggest surprise they had ever had.

ROY ROGERS *The* LONG DAY





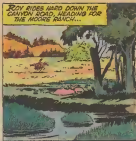
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



MOMENTS LATER...









KEEPING LOW, ROY STARTS TOWARD
THE CANYON SLOPE...

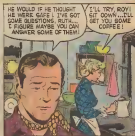


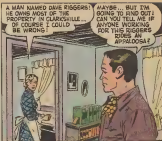
A SHORT TIME LATER...



AT THE MOORE RANCH...









LATER, DIXON WAITS HIS CHANCE IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL...



A FURTIVE MOMENT LATER, HE IS IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY...



THEN, INSIDE ROY'S ROOM...





A MOMENT LATER, ACROSS THE STREET...

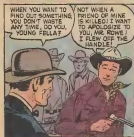


ALL RIGHT I WHICHEVER ONE OF YOU IS DAVE RIGGERS BETTER GO FOR A SUN OR STAND TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF SAM MOORE!

WHA—T YOU'RE CRAZY, MISTER! I NEVER—



SO YOU'RE MY MAN I WELL, FORGET THE ALIBI! YOUR GUNMAN JUST CONFESSED THE WHOLE THING... EVEN THE REASON YOU KILLED SAM!



WHEN YOU WANT TO FIND OUT SOMETHING, YOU DON'T WASTE ANY TIME, DO YOU, YOUNG FELLAT?

NOT WHEN A FRIEND OF MINE IS KILLED! I WANT TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU, MR. ROWE. I FLEW OFF THE HANDLE!



WHERE ARE YOU FLYIN' OFF TO NOW?

TO GET RIGGERS AND HIS GUNMAN TO THE SHERIFF... THEN OUT TO SEE RUTH MOORE ... TO TELL HER SAM CAN SLEEP PEACEFULLY NOW!

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 3, 1936 (Title 26, United States Code, Section 253) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Ray Rogers and Trigger published bi-monthly at New York 17, N. Y., for October 1, 1959.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER,

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1959.

JOHN C. WEBER,

(Not) My Commission Expires March 30, 1960



Dear Roy:

What was the name of the pig which won you your first 4-H Club Award when you were a boy, and what did you win?

Jack S.—Albany

Dear Jack:

Her name was Martha Washington. I had another pig, named Evangelina, and the two sometimes got mixed up in stories. I won \$5.00 and a trip to the 4-H Club Congress in Columbus, Ohio.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



Dear Roy:

When did you get your first gun? How did you learn to shoot it? How do you learn shooting? I am 10 years old.

John L.—Los Angeles

Dear John:

My father gave me a .22 Winchester rifle on my twelfth birthday, but for a year I wasn't allowed to shoot it unless he was with me. Dad said, 'This gun can be your friend or your enemy,' and I've always practiced safety. When your parents decide you can have a real gun, the best way to learn shooting is at a police target range, and there is one in Los Angeles where young men are welcome when they are with their dads.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



Dear Roy:

I'd like to grow up strong like you. How tall are you, and what is your favorite food? I am 8 years old.

Donald M.—St. Louis



Dear Donald:

I'm 5 feet 11 inches tall without my boots on. If you want to grow up really strong, never forget to drink milk. I like all kinds of food, but fresh corn on the cob is my big favorite. I once ate ten ears at one dinner, but don't try that! It will only give you a tummy ache like it did me.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers



Dear Roy:

Is it true that you once lived on a houseboat?

Mary A.—Minneapolis

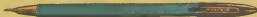
Dear Mary:

It certainly is true, and that houseboat is still in Portsmouth, Ohio, where I lived at the time. My Uncle Bill still makes his home there, although the houseboat is now pulled up onto dry land.

Your friend,

Roy Rogers

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